

Journal
¶ A Godly Exhortation, whereby
Englande maye knowe
What sinfull abhominations
there nowe dooth
flowe.

AT LONDON
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Magnus Correr by
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Anno. 1588.



To the Christian Reader.

I Touch not those which godly be,
my pen blames none of them:
I wishe no ill to he or she,
but good vnto all men.

But this I wishe with all my hart,
God graunt it maye befor:
That wicked persons may conuert,
and all their vice forgoe.

I wishe that vertue may increace,
in euery Christians hart:

I wishe that wicked vice may cease,
and quite be laide a parte.

I wishe that *England* may so frame,
it selfe vnto Gods woord:

That other nations seeing the same,
may praise the liuing Lord.

The cause why that I made this booke,
is this I tell you plaine:

I would all those that heerin looke,
from vices should refraine.

To the Reader.

And not all those alone I saye,
but all the rest beside:

God graunt vs now and alway,
in him for to abide.

Accept this Treatise in good parte,
most humbly I desire:

And let me haue of euery hart,
good will euen for my hire.

Although it rude and simple be,
yet doo it not detest:

But where as any faultes you see,
of them make you the best.

That I by hearing good reporte,
of this the first of mine:

May be encouraged with comforte,
to write an other time.

I trust at this my simple woorke,
ther's none will be offended:

Except be those that meanes to lurke,
in sinne while life be ended,

FINIS.

Edward Pecke.

A

to England.

Hast thou forsaken Conetonsnesse,
that greedy gulping sinne?

Hast thou githen ouer thy great excesse,
which thou dost wallow in.

O: hast thou now eriled quite,
the vice of Fornication?

With enuious hate and deadly spite,
and all abhomination.

From swearing, lying, and all deceites,
dost thou thy selfe refraine?

All polling measures, and crafty waights,
with hast dost thou disdaine?

If that thou hast forsaken those,
with all the rest beside:

Then maist thou say as I suppose,
thou hast no more but Pride.

I doubt thy selfe thou canst not cleere,
of nener a one of them:

The which I haue rehearsed hore,
with this my scribling pen.

Wherefore it makes me to lament,
that such vices should dwell:

In thee, to whome Chyriste shed his blood,
as witnessteth his Gospell.

A Godly exhortation

He that doth walke thy Coastes abroad,

O England at this time:

May see what strife and great discorde,
is in the Children of thine.

Where one there is O England now,
that walkes aright in thee:

There is a thousand I dare avowe,
that followes iniquitie.

O England, is it not a shame,
and a filthy shame to thee:

That thou which hast a Christians name,
shouldest make this true to be?

The mighty God of his mere grace,
did send his word to thee:

To that intent thou shouldest embrace,
the same most lovingly.

But thou forsookest his word and grace,
when he gave it to thee:

And willingly thou didst embrace,
all kinde of vanitie.

And now thou art so train'd therein,
thou wilt it not forsake:

And day and night in horrible sinne,
thy pleasure thou dost take,

which

to England.

What eyes be they that can refraine,
from streaming floods of teares:
To see the vices that do raigne,
in these thy latter yeeres?

Wherefore, O England now repent,
thy wicked life amend:
That God, thy God, incontinent,
his grace to thee may lend.

And if thou haue any respect,
vnto thy health at all:
His righteous lawes do not neglect,
but come when he doth call.

And with an hart and right good will,
his word see thou obey,
And then he will defend thee still,
from Satrans filthy way.

Thy Usurers if thou root out,
and hoysers by of rentes:
With all the Rogish rustling rout,
which doth defile thy tentes.

Then maist thou beare Christs name
then maist thou boldly say: (aright,
Thou art a Christian clere and bright,

A Godly exhortation

But of this thing thy selfe assure,
O England now I saye;
So long as such in thee endure,
from God thou goest astray.

Wherefore with Christes Gospell true,
thy Murders reprove:
With all the rest of Satans erde,
which he so well doth loue.

And so if that they will repent,
by Preaching of Gods word:
If th' will not Incontinent,
on them place Justice sword.

This thing if thou do put in vze,
thy wicked vice shall cease:
And faithfull loue with vertues pure,
in thee shall still increase.

Sword of Justice be not slack,
leepe not in silence so:
Least little England goe to wrack,
through vice which there doth grow.

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Awake therefore, take up the sword,
and vie in England about:
And root out those which are Gods foe.

